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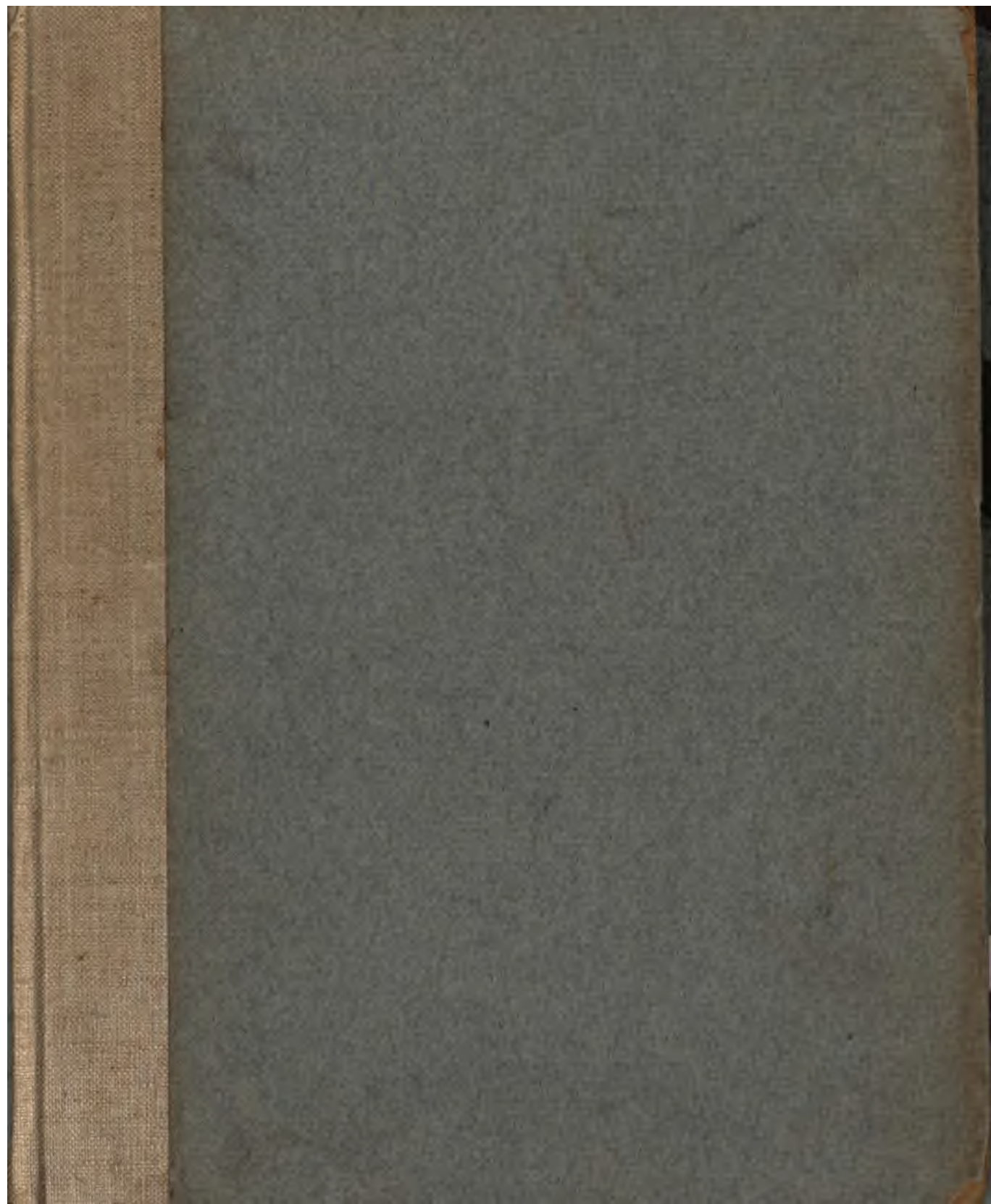
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**PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
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**THE INTERLUDE OF
CALISTO AND
MELEBEA**

LIBRARY
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR
UNIVERSITY

**THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1908**

This reprint of *Calisto and Melebea* has been prepared by
the General Editor and checked by Frank Sidgwick.

Oct. 1908.

117765

W. W. Greg.

YRABOL
ROMA. OBOMATZ ONA.EL
YT28OVBU

THE only known copy of this 'new cōmodye in englysh in maner of an enterlude,' sometimes known from the heading as the *Beauty of Women* but more usually from the chief characters as *Calisto and Melebea*, is preserved among Malone's books in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is a folio volume printed in ordinary black-letter of the size known as English (20 ll. = 93 mm.). At the end appear the words 'Iohēs rastell me imprimi fecit,' and Rastell's device also occurs, but it should be noticed that the upper ornament on A1 and that on the right of C4 are found associated with the device of John Skot in a *Modus Observandi Curiam* printed c. 1530. John Rastell was in business from 1516 to 1533, Skot from 1521 to 1537.

The interlude is a partial rendering of the great Spanish dramatic novel *Celestina*, which literary history connects with the names of Juan de Mena, Rodrigo Cota, and Fernando de Rojas. The names of the characters are retained with the exception of Pleberio, who becomes Danio, but the English play only reproduces the first four out of the twenty-one acts of the original, and the conclusion is entirely different.

In the attack on the stage known as 'A second and third blast of retrait from plaies and Theaters,' printed in 1580, occurs a passage: 'The nature of their Comedies are, for the most part, after one manner of nature, like the tragical Comedie of *Calistus*; where the bawdresse *Scelestina* inflamed the maiden *Melibeia* with her sorceries' (sig. G8^v). This was most likely the play entered to William Aspley in the Stationers' Register, 5 October 1598, as: 'The tragicke Comedy of *Celestina*, wherein are discoursed in most pleasant stile manye Philosophicall sentences and advertisementes verye necessarye for younge gentlemen Discoveringe the

sleightes of treacherous servantes and the subtile cariages of filthye bawdes' (Arber's Transcript, III. 127). It does not appear to have been printed, and whether it bore any direct relation to the present piece is not known. The *Celestina* itself first appeared in England in James Mabbe's translation under the title of the *Spanish Bawd*, 1631.

The original impression of this interlude is by no means a bad piece of printing if we except a few passages in which there are a somewhat unreasonable number of instances of turned 'm.' The press-work is good, and 'n' and 'u' (when not turned) are quite readily distinguishable. The present reprint is, of course, reduced in size, but in other respects it aims at reproducing the original with the same fidelity as previous volumes issued by the Society.

It should perhaps be remarked that in the outer bottom corner of A6^v there is a fragment of a manuscript note which apparently runs: 'of y^{is} cō... begin as y^e Bi befor.' The meaning is not apparent.

IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 27. Insayth | 128. thattye |
| 34. a mys | 130. lasttye (lasttyth?) |
| 46. strene (last letter blotted) | 140. [C] |
| 48. woman hod | 146. I nough |
| 50. manplestmy (?) | 147. Bnt |
| 55. dyffereus | 150. kepyth in hym kepyth |
| 65. [C] | 156. obeylanus |
| 67. be come | 162. S (omit) |
| 68. kuew | Awoman |
| 77. atwayto | 163. yont ... playu |
| 87. creaturē | 168. heuyū |
| 91. [C] | 172. hardē |
| 99. without | 179. auannce |
| 123. Bnt | 191. fightyngē |

195. countenanne
 196. Juconſtanne
 212. pchewhyte
 215. fortune
 216. Roman
 219. thought (though)
 234. incompariſon
 252. in ore (?)
 256. wouan
 257. lo ue
 260. abhor (abhor)
 261. wynnyug /
 308. comyn (i.e. common = com-
 mune)
 311. ſeruant
 316. ſendfoze
 329. thynkyng
 337. hym (hym)
 349. yonr
 353. thynkyth
 369. thon . . . qd̄ (i.e. quod)
 370. Part of this line has been cut out
 of the original.
 381. thynk
 414. cf. l. 370.
 419. le y (?)
 428. enu y (?)
 438. Reſurreccon
 455. ſeupronio
 458. [Ca]
 463. ſuſpicious
 486. a old
 499. inſepth
 503. ſhldyſt
 506. ȝ (ȝ)
 of the
 511. woder
 517. woldeſtthou
 519. ſmellydyſt
 520. ſhaweſull
 521. aud
 525. m̄cy (i.e. mercy)
 532. maiſter (maiſter: reading ra-
 ther doubtful)
 533. karych
 544. popfull (topfull)
 556. [Ce]
 563. a non
 570. ſenſnall
 589. [C]
 596. C (belongs to l. 595)
 604. Imbaſſadē
 611. we
 630. ȝȝ
 639. parueno
 640. caue . . . wouan
 641. au
 643. flow
 644. uad
 645. wouen
 646. way
 648. [C]
 649. woder
 650. god (god)
 654. Aud
 658. tyue
 664. ſelfas
 668. wold (wold)
 691. aray (arayed?)
 695. [C] . . . maydon
 698. [ȝ] . . . accoyntanaunce
 706. month (mouth)
 707. luyſe re
 717. ȝlyſt
 753. a lowable
 758. ſekeſolk
 762. countenaunne
 767. pyteſnl
 768. humblyth hyu
 784. ȝ plyght
 794. lych
 798. bnedicite
 800. me diſſeyue me
 808. wy

810. Aud . . . le se (?)
 815. a mende
 819. A las
 823. [C]
 845. C (omit)
 848. adog
 851. [99]
 852. thetase
 861. iu
 887. uotheng
 925. Aud
 935. tpyhyge . . . tho rly
 948. we
 952. Ana (?)
 961. aprikeryd

966. a pase
 967. a bowt
 973. somorch
 974. fonle
 981. loquif (i.e. loquitur)
 lamentabli
 985. A las
 987. [D]
 988. canse
 990. [D]
 995. [99]
 1009. prikerpyd
 1038. for (the 'f' doubtful)
 1084. we
 1097. obedyeus

Many proper names, even names of speakers, are printed entirely in lower case. There is no upper-case 'w' or 'y,' and other lower-case letters also occasionally appear at the beginning of lines.

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

Melebea, the maiden.	Sempronio	} servants of
Calisto, the lover.	Parmeno	
Celestina, the bawd.	Danio, father of Melebea.	

The following list of entries and exits, of which only those with an asterisk are marked in the original, may serve to make the action clear.

1. *Enter Melebea.	588. *Re-enter Calisto.
41. Enter Calisto.	Re-enter Sempronio.
74. *Exit Melebea.	595. Exit Celestina.
103. Enter Sempronio.	602. Exit Sempronio.
103. Exit Sempronio.	610. Parmeno comes forward.
107. Re-enter Sempronio.	617. *Exit Calisto.
108. Exit Sempronio.	639. *Exit Parmeno.
119. Exit Calisto.	*Enter Melebea.
119. Enter Celestina.	647. *Enter Celestina.
121. Enter Sempronio.	914. *Exit Melebea.
126. *Enter Calisto and Parmeno.	928. Exit Celestina.
126. Exit Calisto and Sempronio.	929. *Enter Danio.
126. Parmeno retires (cf. l. 602).	937. Enter Melebea.

A new cōmodye in englysh in maner
Of an enterlude ryght elygant & full of craft
of rethorik / wherein is shewed & dyscrybd as
well the beute & good properes of women /
as theyr bycs & euyl cōdiciōs / with a morall
cōdusion & exhortacyon to vertew



Melebea

Franciscus petrarcus the poet laureate
Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
wout stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
And Eradito the wyle clerk in his wrytyng
Sayth in all thyng create stryff is theyr workyng
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
with any other in all poyntes equivalent

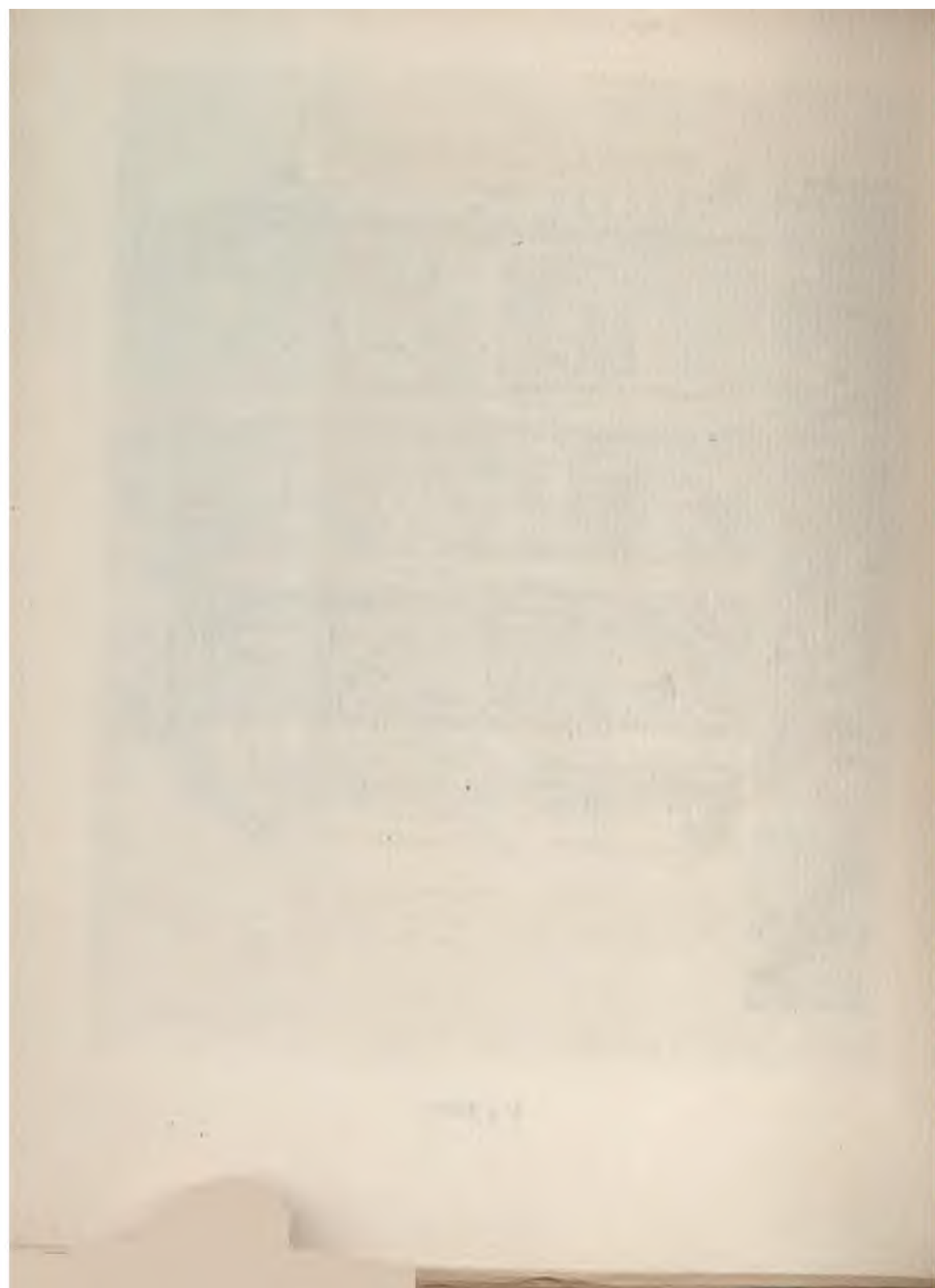
¶ If the cause of the myscheff^e were seen before
whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely
And good laws & ordynauncys made therfore
to put a way the cause / þ were best remedi
what is the cause that ther be so many
Theft^e & robberies / it is be cause we be
Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte
¶ And what is the verey cause of that nede
Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfkyng
And trewth is they can not well labour in dede
Be cause in youth of theyr ydyll vpbryngyng
But this thýng shall neuer come to reformyng
But the world cōtynually shalbe nought
As long as yong pepyll be euell vpbrought
¶ Wherefore the eternall god that raynyth on hys
Send his mercifull grace & influens
To all gouernours that they circumspectly
May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence
To bryng them to vertew & deuotedyeus
And that they & we all by his grete mercy
May be pteneys of hys blessyd glozy.

Amen.

Johēs rassell me imprini fecit

¶ Cum privilegio regali

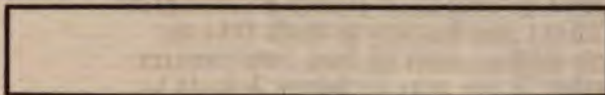
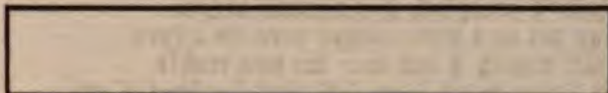






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A new cōmodye in englysh in maner
Of an enterlude ryght elygant & full of craft
of rethoryk / where in is shewd & dyscryb'd as
well the bewte & good properites of women /
as theyr bycys & euill cōdiciōs / with a morall
cōclusion & exhortacyon to bertew



Selebea

I Francisus petrarcus the poet lawreate
Sayth that nature whych is mother of all thing
w out stryff can gyue lyfe to nothing create
And Eraclito the wyle clerk in his wrytyng
Sayth in all thyng^e create stryff is theyre workyng
And ther is no thing vnder the firmament
with any other in all poyntes equibalent
And accorpyng to theyre dictys rehercyd as thus
All thyng^e are create in maner of stryffe 10
These folys louers then that be so amerous
fro pleasure to displeasure how lede they theyr lyfe
Now sory now sad now Joyous now penylyfe
Alas I poze mayden than what shall I do
Combryd by dotage of one Calisto
I know that nature hath gyuyd me bewte
with sanguynous compleccyon fauour & fayrenes
The moze to god ought I to do fewte
with wylly lyfe laud and loue of perfytnes
I deny not but calisto is of grete worthynes 20
Al.

But what of that for all hys hygh estate
 Hys desyre I desyre & vtterly shall hate
 O his saynges & lutes so importune
 That of my lyfe he makyth me almost wery
 O hys lamentacions & exclamacions on fortune
 In similypode maner as one that shuld dy
 But who shall pyte thys Insayth not I
 Shall I accōplyth hys carnall desyre
 Nay yet at a stake rather bren in a fyre
 O Of trouthe I am sory for hys trouble
 To stryue wyth hym self thus for loue of me
 But though hys sorows I assure you shuld doble
 Out of his daunger wyl I be at lyberte
 What a mys woman now crist benedicite
 Nay nay he shall neuer that day see
 Hys voluptuous appetyte cōsentyd by me
 O wylt he now that I were present here
 I assure you shortly he wold seke me
 And without dout he doth now inquire
 Wether I am gone or where I shuld be
 Se / is he not now come I report me
 Alas of thys man I can nener be ryd
 Wold to cryst I wylt where I myght be hyd

30

40

Calisto

M

O My you seyre melebea may be sene
 The grace the gyftes the gretnes of god
 Where i / C. In takyng effect of dāe nature strene
 Nor yerthly but angellyke of lykelyhode
 In bewte so passyng the kinde of woman hod
 O god I myght in your presens be able
 To manypfest my dolours incōperable
 O Greter were that reward than the grace
 Heuy to optayn by workys of pyte
 Not so glorpyous be the saites that se goddes face
 Ne Joy not so moch as I do you to see
 yet dyfferens there is bytwene theym & me
 For they glorpy by his assurpd presens
 And I in torment be cause of your absens

50

M

Ca

O why thynkyst thou that so grete a reward
 ye more greter than yf god wold set me
 In heuy aboue all sepntes & more in regard
 And thynk it a more hyper selypyte
 yet more greter thy reward shalbe
 yf thou fle fro the determynacyon
 Of thy cōsent of mynd by such temptation

60

M

I persepue the entent of thy wordys all
As of the wyrt of hym that wold haue the vertew
Of me such a woman to be come thrall
So thy wey wyth sorow I wold thou kuow
I haue soule skorn of the I tell the trew
Or any humayn creature with me shuld begyn
Any comunycacyon perreyning to syn
And I promyle the where thou art present
whyle I lyft by my wyll I wyll be absent

Et exeat

To out of all ioy I am fallyn in wo
Uppon whom aduers fortune hath cast her chauns
Of cruell hate whych causyth now away to go
The keper of my ioy and all my pleasauns
Alas alas now to me what nopauns
Dew gard my lord and god be in this place
Sempronio / S. ye syr. C. a syr I threw thy face
Why hast thou bene from me so long absent
For I haue bene about your bylynes
To ordey such thyng as were conuenient
your house and horte and all thyng was to dress
O sempronio haue pyte on my dystres
For of all creature I am the wofullest
How so what is the cause of your vnest
For I serue in loue to the goodlyest thyng
That is or euer was. S. what is the
It is one which is all other exceedyng
The picture of angelle yt thou her see
Phebus or phebe no comparyson may be
To her. S. what hyght she / C. melebea is her name
Hary syr this wold make a wyld hors tame
I pray the sempronio goo fet me my lute
And hyng some chayre or stole with the
The argument of loue that I may dispute
whych lycens I fynd the arte without pyte
By the sempronio by the I pray the
Syr shortly I assure you it shalbe done
Then farewell cryst lend the agayn sone
O what fortune is egall vnto myne
O what wofull wyght with me may compare
The thirst of sorow is my myrtyd wyne
which dayly I drynk wyth deepe draught of care
Tush syr be mery let pas away the mace
How sey you haue I not hped me lyghtly

All.

W

W

C

W

W

W

W

70

80

90

100

C

Here is your chayre and lute to make you mery

110

¶ Myrr quod a / nay that wyll not be

But I must nedys lyt for very feblenes

Gyue me my lute and thou shalt see

How I shall syng myne unhappynes

This lute is out of tune now as I ges

Alas in tune how shuld I set it

When all armony to me discordith yche whyt

¶ As he to whos wyll reison is unruly

For I fele tharp nedys within my brest

Deas warr truth haterad and iniury

Hope and suspect and all in one chest

120

S

Behold nero in the loue of tapaya oprest

Rome how he brent / old and yong wept

But he toke no thought nor neuer the lest slept

C

¶ Greter is my fyre and lest pyte shewd me

C

I wyll not mok this soule is a loue

What sayst thou / S. I say how can that fyre be

That tormentyth but one luyng man greter

Than that fyre that brenyth a hole cyty here

And all y people thezi. C. mary for y fyre ys grettyst

That brennyth berey soze and lastyt lengyt

130

C

¶ And greter is the fyre that brenyth one soule

Than that whych brenyth an hundied bodyes

Dys sayeng in this none can controll

C

None but such as lyst to make lyes

And yf the fyre of purgatory bren in such wyse

I had leue my spirete in brute best shuld be

Than to go thydre and than to the deyte

C

¶ Mary syr that is a spyce of herpse

C

Why so / S. For ye speke lyke no crystyn man

I wold thou knewyst melebea worthyp I

140

In her I beleue and her I loue / S. A ha than

Wyth the melebea is a grete woman

I know on whych fote thou dost halt on

I shall shortly hele the my lyff thezuppon

C

¶ An vncredable thyng thou dost promyse me

C

Nay nay it is easy I nough to do

But first for to hele a man knowlege must be

C

Of the seknes than to gyff counsell thezo

C

What counsell can rule hym sempzonio

That kepeth in hym kepeth no order of counsell

150

S

A is this Calisto his fyre / now I know well

¶ How that loue ouer hym hath cast her net

In whose perseuerans is all inconstans
Why. is not Elliceas loue and thyn met
E what than. **C.** why reprocuest me than of ignorans
S For thou settyst mannys dignite in obeylanus
E To the imperfection of the weke woman
A womā pray a god of goddesles. **S.** beleuyst þ thā
E I ye and as a goddes I here confesse
S And I beleue there is no such sufferayn 160
S In heuyn though she be in perth. **S.** peas peas
A woman a god nay to god a byllayn
Of yonr sayeng ye may be sorpy. **C.** it is playu
Why so. **C.** becaule I loue her and thynk surely
To obteyn my desyre I am vnworthy
Of ferfull hart why comparyst thou w Rembroth
Or alexander of this world not lord onely
But worthy to subdew heuyn as sayeng goth
And thou reputyst thy self more hye
Then them both and dyspayryst so cowardly 170
To wyn a woman of whom hath ben so many
Gotten and vngotten neuer hardel of any
It is respytd in the fest of seynt Jhon
Thys is the woman of auncpoun malyce
Of whom but of a woman was it long on
That adam was expulst from paradysse
She put man to payn whom ely dyd dyspyle
Chan syth adam gaff hym to theyre gouernaunce
Am I gretter than adam my self to auannce
S pray but of those men it were wysedome 180
That ouercame them to seke remedy
And not of those that they dyd ouercome
Fle from theyre begynnyng elchew theyre solp
Thou knowyst they do euill thyng many
They kepe no meane but rygour of intencion
Be it sayre foule wylfull without reason
Kepe them neuer so close they wylbe shewyd
Gyft tokyns of loue by many subtell ways
Semyng to be shepe and serpently shrewd
Craft in them renewyng that neuer decays 190
Theyr sepyng lychtyng prouokynge theyr plays
O what payn is to fulfyll theyre appetyt
And to accompysh theyre wanton desyrtis
It is a wonder to se theyre dyssemblyng
Theyr flatterynge countenannc theyr ingrattyude
Inconstannc fals witnese saynyd wepyng
A.iii.

There bayn glory and how they can delude
Theyre folyshnes theyre Janglyng not metode
Theyre lecherous lust and wylenes therfore
whychcraft & charmys to make men to theyre lore 200

Theyre enbawmyng & theyre bishamfastnes
Theyre bawdry theyre luttelste & fresh attyrpnyng
what trimyng what payntyng to make sayrnes
Theyre fals intent & spykkyng smylyng
Therfore lo yt is an old sayeng

That women be the dyuelle nettle and hed of syn
And mannys mylery in paradys dyd begyn

C But what thynkyst thou by me yet for all this
S Wary syr ye were a man of cleze wyt

whom nature hath indewyd w the best gyfte 210
As bewte & gretnes of membres perfyte
Strenght lyghtnes & beyond this ychewhyt
Fortune hath partyd with you of her influens
For to be able of lyberall expens

For wythout gooder wherof fortune is lady
Roman can haue welth therfore by coniecture
yow shuld be belouyd of euery body

Calisto But not of Helebea now I am sure
And thought thou hadst praylyd me wout mesure
And comparyd me without comparison 220
yet she is aboue in euery condicion

Behold her noblenes her auntyon lynage
Her gret pattymony her excellent wyt
Her resplendent verteu hye portly corage
Her godly grace her suffereyn bewte perfyte
No tong is able well to expresse it

But yet I pray the let me speke a whyle
My self to refresh in rehercyng of my stile

C I begyn at her herr which is so goodly 230
Crispyd to her helys tyed with fyne lase
Fart thynnyng beyond fyne gold of araby

I trow the son coler to hyt may gyft place
That who to behold it myght haue the grace
wold say incomparison nothyng couteruayls
Then is it not lyke here of alle tayles

S
Ca

C What soule comparison this felow raylys
Her gay glasyng eyen so sayre and bygght
Her browes her nose in a meane no fastyon saylys
Her mouth pper & seate her teeth small & whygght
Her lypis ruddy her body streyght bygght 240

Her lpytill tetys to the eye is a pleasure
 O what Joy it is to se such a fygyre
 Her skyn of whytnes endarkyth the snow
 wyth rose colour ennewyd I the enlure
 Her lpytill hande in meane maner this is no row
 Her fyngers small & long w naylys ruddy most pure
 Of proporcyon none such in putrapture
 without peze worthy to haue for fayrenes
 The apple that parys gaue venus the goddes
 Sir haue ye all done. C. ye maye what than 250
 I put case all this ye haue sayd be trewe
 yet aze ye more noble lyth ye be a man
 wherin. S. he is vnperfyte I wold ye knew
 As all women be and of lesse balew
 Phylozophers say the matter is less worthy
 Than the forme / so is woman to man surely
 I lo ue not to here this altercacion
 Betwene melebea and me her louer
 Possyble it is in euery condicyon
 To abhor her as mych as you do loue her 260
 In the wyynyng / begylyng is the daunger
 That ye shall see here after wyth eyen fre
 with what eyen. S. with clere eyen trust me
 Why wyth what eyen do I se now
 wyth dyne eyen whych shew a lpyl thyng much
 But for ye shall not dyspayre I assure you
 No labour nor dyllygens in me shall grynch
 So trusty & fryndely ye shall fynd me such
 In all thyng possyble that ye can adquize
 The thyng to accomplysh to your desyre 270
 God bryng that to pase so glad it is to me
 To here the thus though I hope not in thy doynge
 yet I shall do yt trust me for a surete
 God reward the for thy gentyll intendynge
 I gyff the this chayn of gold in rewardynge
 Sir god reward you & send vs good sped
 I dout not but I shall performe it in dede
 But wythout reward it is hard to work well
 I am content so thou be not neglygent
 Nay be not you / for it passyth a meruell 280
 The master slow / the seruant to be dyllygent
 How thynkyst it can be shew me thyne intent
 Sir I haue a neyghbour a moder of badwy
 That can prouoke the hard rokkyss to lechery

In all euyl dede she is perfet wyse
 I trow moze than a wyrgyns
 Haue bene destroyed by her subtell deuyse
 For she neuer saylyth where she begynnys
 All onely by thys craft her lyfynge she wyynnys
 Mayde wyffys wydows and euerychone
 If she ones meddyl the skapyth none
 How myght I speke wyth her sempzonio
 I shall byng her hyder vnto this place
 But ye must in any wyse let rewardis go
 And shew her your greys in euery case
 Ellys were I not worthy to attayn grace
 But alas sempzonio thou taryest to long
 Syr god be with you. C. Cyrt make the strong
 The myghty and perdurable god be his gyde
 As he gydyd the iij kynge in to bedleme
 From the est by the start and agayn dyd proude
 As theyre conduct to retoyn to theyre own reame
 So spede my sempzonio to quench the leme
 Of this fyre which my hait doth wast & spende
 And that I may com to my despyd ende
 To pas the tyme now wyll I walk
 Up and down within myne orchard
 And to my self go comyn and talke
 And pray that fortune to me be not hard
 Longynge to here whether made or mayd
 My message shall retuyn by my seruante sempzonio
 Thus farewell my lordys for a while I wyll go
 How the blessing that our lady gaue her sone
 That same blessing I gyue now to you all
 That I com thus homely I pray you of pdon
 I am sought and sendsoze as a woman vniuersall
 Celestina of trowth my name is to call
 Sempzonio for me about doth inqueze
 And it was told me I shuld haue found hym here
 I am sure he wyll com hyther anone
 But the whyle I shall tell you a pety game
 I haue a wench of Sempzonios a pety one
 That soioynyth with me Elecea is her name
 But the last day we were both ny a dark shame
 For sempzonio wold haue her to hym self leuere
 And she souyth one Cyrt better or as well
 Thys Cyrt and Elecea sat dyynkyng
 In my hous and I also makynge meyn

290

300

310

320

And as the deuyl wold farr from our thynkyng
 Sempronio almost cam on vs sodenly 330
 But then wrought I my craft of batwery
 I had Crypto go vp and make hym self come
 To hyde hym in my chamber among the brome
 ¶ Then made I Ellice lye down a sowynge
 And I wyth my rok began for to spyn
 As who seyth of sempronio we had no knowynge
 He knockyd at the doze and I lete hym in
 And for a countenaunce I dyd begyn
 To catch hym in myne armys and seyde see see
 who kysst me Ellicea and wyll not kys the 340
 ¶ Ellicea for a countenaunce made her greyde
 And wold not speke but styll dyd lowe
 Why speke ye not quod sempronio he ye meuyd
 Haue I not a cause quod she no quod he I trow
 A traptour quod she full well dost thou know
 where hast thou ben these .iii. days fro me
 That the inpostume and euyl deth take the
 ¶ Please myne Ellicea quod he why say ye thus
 Alas why put you your self in this wo
 The hote fyre of loue so breennyth betwene vs 350
 That my hart is wyth yours where euer I go
 And for .iii. days absens to say to me so
 In sayth me thyukyth ye be to blame
 But now hark well for here begynneth the game
 ¶ Crypto in my chamber aboue that was hyddyn
 I thynk lay not easly and began to romble
 Sempronio hard that and askyd who was with in
 Aboue in the chamber that so dyd romble
 who quod she a louer of myne / may hap ye stomble 360
 Quod he on the trewth as many one doth
 Go vp quod she and loke whether it be soth
 ¶ well quod he I go / nay thought I not so
 I sayd com sempronio let this foole alone
 For of thy long absens she is in such wo
 And half belyde her self and her wyrt ny gone
 well quod he aboue yet ther is one
 wylt thou know quod I ye quod he I the requere
 It is a wench quod I sent me by a frere
 ¶ what frere quod he wilt thou nedre know qdt I tha
 It is the [] 370
 ¶ quod he what a lode hath that woman
 To here hym / ye quod I though women per case

Be ye heuy full oft yet they gall in no place
Then he laught / ye quod I no mo word of this
For this tyme to long we spend here amys

Intrat sempionio

S **C** O moder Celestyne I pray god prosper the
C My son sempionio I am glad of our metyng
S And as I here say ye go aboute to seke me
Of mowth to seke you was myne hyther comyng 380
Wother ley a pette now all other thyng
And all only tend to me and I magyn
In that that I purpose now to begyn
C Calisto in the loue of fayre melebea
Buryth wherfore of the he hath grette nede
C Thou seyst well knowyst not me Celestina
I haue the end of the matter and for more spede
Thou shalte wade no fether / for of this dede
I am as glad as euer was the surgyon
For salups for broke hedde to make prouysyon 390
C And so intend I to do to Calisto
To gyft hym hope and assure hym remedy
For long hope to the hart mych trouble wyll do
Wherfore to the effect therof I wyll hye
S Peas for me thynkyth Calisto is nye

Intrat Calisto et parmeno

C Parmeno. P. what sey you. **C.** wottyst who is here
P Sempionio that reuyrth my chere
C It is sempionio with that old beidyd hore
Be ye they my maister so soye for doth long 400
Peas I sey parmeno or go out of the dore
C Comyst thou to hinder me then dost thou me wrong
I pray the help for to make me more strong
To wyn this woman elle godde forbod
She hath equall power of my lyff vnder god
P Wherfore to her do ye make such sorow
Thynk ye in her ars ther is any shame
The contrary who tellyth you be neuer his borow
For as much she gloryfeth her in her name
To be callyd an old hore as ye wold of fame 410
Dogge in the strete and chyl dren at euery dore
Bark and cry out ther goth an old hore
C How knowyst all this dost thou know her
P ye that [day] agone
For a fals hore the deuyl ouer throw her
My moder when she dyed gaue me to her alone

And a sterker baud was ther neuer none
 For that I know I dare well se
 Let se the contrary who can ley
 ¶ I haue bene at her hows & lene her trynkette 420
 For payntyng thyng Innumerable
 Squalmys & balmys I wonder where she gette
 The thyng that she hath with folke for to fable
 And to all baudry euer agreable
 yet wors then that whych wyl neuer be last
 Not only a baud but a wyche by her craft
 ¶ Say what thow wylt son spare not me
 I pray the permene lese thy malycious enuy
 Hark hydyr sempronio here is but we thre
 In that I haue sayd canst thou denye 430
 Com hens permene I loue not thys I
 And good mother greue you not I you pray
 My mynde I shall shew now hark what I say
 ¶ A notable woman Auncyent vertew
 A glorious hope of my despyrd intent
 Thende of my delectable hope to renew
 My regeneracion to this lyfe present
 Resurreccion from deth / so excellent
 Thou art aboue other / I desyre humbly
 To kys thy handes wherein lyeth my remedy 440
 ¶ But myne vnworthines makyth resystence
 yet worship I the ground that thou gost on
 Beseching the good woman with most reuerens
 On my payn with thy pyte to loke vppon
 without thy comfort my lyfe is gone
 To rebue my dede spryde thou mayst preferre me
 with the wordes of thy mouth to make or marr me
 ¶ Sempronio can I lyff with these bonys
 That thy master gyffyth me here for to ete
 wordes are but wynd therfore attong 450
 Byd hym close his mouth and to his purs get
 For money makyth marchaunt that must Jet
 I haue heyd his wordes but where be his dedes
 For w out money w me no thyng spedys
 ¶ What seyth the sempronio alas my hart bledes
 That I wyth you good woman mystrust shuld be
 for the thynkty that money all thyng sedys
 Then come on sempronio I pray the wyth me
 And tary here moder a whyle I pray the
 For where of mystrust ye haue me appelyd 460

Ce
 S
 P
 Ca

Ce

Ca
 S

Haue here my cloke tyll your dout be assoylid
 S How do ye well for wede among corn
 Nor suspicious to frynde dyd neuer well
 Or saythfulnes of worde tornyd to a skorn
 Ca Makeyth mynde dourfull good reason doth tell
 Come on sempronio thou gyffyst me good counsell
 S Go ye before & I shall wapt you hypon
 Farewell mother we wyll come agayn anon
 P How sey ye my lordis se ye not this smoke
 In my maisters eyes y they do cast 470
 The one hath his chayn the other his cloke
 And I am sure they wyll haue all at last
 Ensample may be by this y is past
 How seruauitis be dissaytfull in theyr maisters folp
 Nothyng but for lurre is all theyr bawdy
 Ce It pleaseth me parmeno that we to gedyr
 May speke wherby thou maist se I loue the
 yet vndereruyd now thou comyst hydyr
 wherof I care not but bertew warnyth me
 To fle temptacyon & solow charpte 480
 To do good agayns yll & so I rede the
 Sempronio & I wyll helpe thy necessyte
 And in tokyn now that it shall so be
 I pray the among vs let vs haue a song
 For where armony is ther is ampte
 P what a old woman syng / Ce. why not among
 I pray the no lenger the tyme prolong
 P Go to when thou wylt I am redy
 Ce Shall I begyn / p. ye but take not to hye / & cantant
 C How sey ye now by this lytyll pong sole 490
 For the thyrd parte sempronio we must get
 After that thy maister shall come to skole
 To syng the fourth parte y his purs shall sweet
 For I so craftely the song can set
 Though thy maister be hors his purs shal syng cleze
 And taught to solf that womans flesh is dere
 C How seyst to this thou praty parmeno
 Thou knowyst not the world nor no delytis therin
 Dost vnderstand me inseyth I tro no
 Thou art pong inough the game to begyn 500
 Thy maister hath wadyd hym self so farr in
 And to bryng hym out lyeth not in me old pore
 P Thou sholdyst sey it lyeth not in me old hore
 Ce A horelon a shame take such a knaue

How darst thou wyth me thou boy be so bold
 Be cause such knolege of the I haue
 why who art / p / pmeno son to albert the old
 I dwelt w the by the ryuer where wyne was sold
 And thy moder I trow hyght claudena
 That a wylde fyre bren the celestena 510
 Ce But thy moder was as olde a hore as I
 Come hydyr thou lypyll sole let me see the
 A it is euen he by our blyssyd lady
 what lypyll brchyn hast forgotyn me
 whē thou layst at my bedde lere how meyr were we
 P A thou old matrone it were almys thou were ded
 How woldestthou pluk me vp to thy bedde hed
 And inbrace me hard vnto thy bely
 And for thou smellydydst oldly I ran from the
 Ce A shamefull horeson fy bypon the fy fy 520
 Come hyther and now shortly I charge the
 That all this folyth spekyng thou let be
 Leue wantonnes of youth than shalt thou do well
 Follow the doctryne of thy Elders and counsell
 To who thy parēt on whos soulys god haue mercy
 In payn of curlyng bad the be obedyent
 In payn wherof I command the stryly
 To much i mactership put not thyne intent
 No trust is in theym it thyne owen be spent
 Maysters now adays cobeit to byng about 530
 All for theym self & let theyre seruantes go without
 Thy maister men sey and as I thynk he be
 But lyght karych not who come to his seruyce
 Faire wordē shall not lak but smal rewardē trust me
 Make sempronio thy crynd in any wyle
 For he can handle hym in the best gyle
 Kepe thys & for thy profet tell it to none
 But loke that sempronio and thou be one
 P Moder celestyne I wot not what pe meane
 Calisto is my mayster and so I wyll take hym 540
 And as for ryches I desye it clene
 For who so euer with wrong rych doth make hym
 Soner than he gat it / it wyll forsake hym
 I loue to lyse in yoyfull pouerte
 And to serue my mayster w trewth and honeste
 Ce Troth and honeste be ryches of the name
 But surete of welth is to haue ryches
 And after that for to get hym good fame

Bi.

By report of frynde thys is truth dowtles
Than no such maner frynd can I expelle 550

As sempronyo for both your plettre to spede
whych lyeth in my hande now yf ye be agreyd

¶ O pmeno what a lyfe may we endure

Sempronyo loupeth the doughter of elpso

P

And who arula / Ce. lykyst her / p / peraduenture

I shall get her to the that shall I do

P

¶ A moder celystyne I purpose not so

A man shuld be couerlant I here tell

wyth them that be yl & thynk to do well

¶ Sempronyo hys ensample shall not make me 560

Better nor wors nor hys faulte wyl I hyde

But moder celestyne a questyon to the

Is not syn a non in one espyed

is not sin
non more
espied?

That is drownyd in delyte / how shuld he prouyde

Agayns bertew to saue hys honeste

Ce

¶ Lyke a chylde wout wyldome thou answerst me

¶ Withouth copany mirth can haue non estate

ble no slowth nature abhorryth idelnes

whych lesyth delyte to nature appropriate

sensual

In sentnall cautys delyght is cheste maistres

570

Specyally recountyng louys bysynes

To say thus doth she the tyme thus they pas

And loch maner they yle and thus they kys & balke

¶ And thus they mete & enbrale to gyther

what spech what grase what pley is betwene theim

where is she there she goth let vs se whyther

pleased
saws

Now pleasyd now froward now inime now hem

Stryke by mynstrel w sawe of loue the old problem

Syng swete longe now Juste & torney

¶ Of new inuencyons what conseyt fynd they 580

¶ Now she goth to mas to morow she comyth owt

better

Behold her better yonder goth a cokold

I left her alone / she comyth / turn abowt

To thus permeno thou mayst behold

friends

Frynde wyl talk to geder as I haue told

wher fore persepue thou that I sey truly 584

Neuer can be delyte wout copany

Hic iterum intrat calisto

Ca

¶ Moder as I promysed to alloyle thy dowt

Here I gyfe the an. C. pesis of gold

Ce

Syr I promyse you I shall byng it about

590

All thyng to purpose eyn as ye wold

For your reward I wpll do as I shuld
 Be mery lere nothyng cōtent ye shall be
 Then moder fare well be dylgent I pray the
 C How sayst sempronio haue I done well
 S ye ly in my mynd & most accordyng
 Ca Then wylt thou do after my counsell
 After this old woman wylt thou be hyeng
 To remember & haue he in euery thyng 600
 S Syr I am content as ye comaund me
 Ca Then go & byd pmeno come I pray the
 How god be theyre gyddys the possē of my lyfe
 My relese fro deth the Ambassadē of my welth
 My hope my hap my quyetnes my stryfe
 My Joy my sorow my lekenes my helth
 The hope of thys old woman my hart telth
 That comfort shall come shortly as I Intend
 Or els come deth & make of me an end
 P In sayth it makyth no forle nor matter mych 610
 Ca what seyst pmeno what sayst to me
 P Mary I say playnly that yonder old wyche
 And sempronio to geder wpll vndo the
 Ca A yll tongyd wretch wpll ye not see
 Thyngkyst thou lorden thou hādelyst me sayre
 why knaue woldest thou put me now in dylpayre
 Et exeat calisto
 P Alo syrs my master ye se is angry
 But thys it is tell folys for theyre proffyt
 Or warn theym for theyre welth it is but foly 620
 For stryk theym on the hele and as moch wylt
 Shall cō forth as at theyr forehede to pleyue it
 Go thy way calesto for on my charge
 Thy thyft is sealyd vp though thou be at large
 How vnhappy I am to be trewe
 For other men wyn by falsehed & flattery
 I lese for my troth the world doth so enlewe
 Troth is put bak & takyn for foly
 Therefore now I wpll chaunge my cōp
 I had done as celystyne had me 630
 Calisto hys mynyon styll wold haue had me
 Thys gyuyth me warnyng from hens forward
 How to dele w hym for all thyng as he wpll
 I will the same forward or bakward
 I will go streyght to hym and folow hym still
 Say as he sayth be it good or yll

And syth these bawde get good prouokynge lechery
I trust flattery shall speede as well as bawdery

Hic exeat parmeno et intret melebea

M

I pray you came this woman here neuer syn
In sayth to entze here I am half adrad
And yet why so / I may boldly com in
I am sure from you all I shall not be had
But ielus ielus be these men so mad
On women as they sey / how shuld it be
It is but fables and lyes ye may trust me

640

Intret Celestina

C

M

C

God be here i M. who is the? C. wyl ye bye any thied
ye mary good moder I pray you come in
Cryst saue you sayre mistres & godd be your spede
And helth be to you & all your kyn
And mary godde mother that blessed byrgyn
Pleserue & prosper your womanly personage
And well to inioy your yough & pusell age
C for that tyme pleasyres are most eschpyd
And age is the holpytall of all maner syknes
The resting place of all thought vnreleuyd
The spoite of tyme past the ende of all quiknes
Neybour to deth a dry stok wythout swetnes
Discomforte diseale all age alowith

650

660

M

C

A rie without sap that small charge boweth
C I meruell moder ye speke so much yll
Of age that all folke desyre effectuously
They desyre hurt for them selfas all of wyl
And the cause why they desyre to come thereby
Is for to lyff for deth is so lothly
He that is sorowfull wold lyff to be sorper
And he that is old wold lyff to be elder
C Sayre damasell who can shew all the hurt of age
His weyness feblenes his discontentynge
His chyldishnes howardnes of his rage
Wrynkelynge in the face lak of syght and herynge
Holowness of mouth fall of teth faynt of goynge
And worst of all possesyd with pouerte
And the lymmys arested with debylite
C Moder ye haue takyn grete payn for age
wold ye not retorn to the begynnynge
C Folys are they that are past theyre passage
To begyn agayn which be at the endynge
For better is possession than the desyring

670

680

M I desyre to lyff lengger do I well or no
C That ye desyre well I thynk not so
C For as sone goth to market the lambys sell
 As the sheppe / none so old but may lyff a yere
 And the is none so yong but ye wor well
 May dye in a day then no aduauntage is here
M Betwen youth & age y matter is clere
 wyth thy fablyng & thy resonyng I wys
 I am beggelyd but I haue knowen the or thys
C Art not celystyne y dwellyd by the ryuer syde 690
 ye for soth / **M** in dede age hath away the
 That thou art the now can skant be elpyed
 He thynketh by thy fauour thou shuldyt be the
 Thou art sore chaungid thou mayst beleue me
 Fayre maydon kepe thou well thys tyme of youth
 But bewte shall passe at y last thys is truth
C yet I am not so old as ye iuge me
 Good moder I soy much of thyne accoyntaunce
 And thy moderly reasons ryght well please me
 And now I thank the here for thy pastaunce 700
 Fare well tyll a nother tyme y hap may chaunce
 Agayn that we two may mete to gedyr
M Hay hap ye haue bysynes I know not whether
C D angelyk ymage o ple so pcyous
 O how thou spekyt it reioysyth me to here
 Knowist thou not by the deuyne month gracypus
 That agaynst the infernall feend luyse re
 we shuld not only lyf by bred here
 But by our good workys wher in I take some payn
 yf ye know not my mynd now all is in beyn 710
M Shew me moder hardely all thy necessite
C And yf I can I shall prouyde the remedy
 My necessite nay god wor it is not for me
 As for myne I last it at home surely
 To ete when I wyll & drynk when I am dry
 And I thank god euer one peny hath be myne
 To by bred when I lyst & to haue .iiii. for wyne
C Afore I was wyddow I caryd neuer for it
 For I had wyne ynough of myne owne to sell
 And w a tolt in wyne by the tyre I coud lye 720
 w .ii. dosen lopp the collyk to quell
 But now w me it is not so well
 For I haue nothyng but that is brought me
 In a pytcher pot of quartys skant thre

¶ Thus I pray god help them that be nedye
 For I speke not for my self alone
 But as well for other how euer spede I
 The infyrmyte is not myne though that I grone
 It is for a nother y I make mone
 And not for my self it is a nother way
 But what I must mone where I dare not say
 ¶ Say what thou wylt & for whom thou lest
 now gracypous damsell I thank you than
 That to gyf audyens ye be so prest
 w lyberall redynes to me old woman
 whych gyfyth me holdnes to shew what I can
 Of one that lyeth in daunger by sekenes
 Remyttynge hys langour to your getyllnes
 ¶ What meanyst thou I pray the good moder
 Go forth w thy demaund as thou hast done
 On the one pte thou prouokyst me to anger
 And on the other syde to compassyon
 I know not how thy answere to fallyon
 The wordes whych thou spekyt in my presence
 Be so mysty / I pleyue not thy sentence
 ¶ I sayd I latt one in daunge of sekenes
 Drawyng to deth for ought that I can se
 Now chole you or no to be murderes
 Or reuyue hym w a word to come from the
 I am happy yf my word be of such necessyte
 To help any crystyn man or ells godde forbod
 To do a good dede is lykynge to god
 ¶ For good dede to good men be a lowable
 And spetsyally to nedye aboue all other
 And euer to good dedys ye shall fynd me agreable
 Trustyng ye wyl exhort me to non other
 Therfor fere not speke your peticio good mother
 For they that may hele sekefolk & do refuse theym
 Suerly of theyre deth they can not excuse theym
 ¶ Full well & gracypously the case ye consyder
 For I neuer beleuyd that god in payn
 wold gyf you such countenaunce & bewte to gedye
 But chaunte therwith to releue folke in payn
 And as god hath gyfyn you so gyf hym agayn
 For folke be not made for them self onely
 For then they shuld lyf lyke best all rudely
 ¶ Among whych best yet some be pytefni
 The vnicoine humblyth hym self to a mayd

730

740

750

760

And a dog in all his power yrefull
Let a man fall to ground his anger is delayd 770

Thus by nature pyte is conueyd
The kok when he skrapith & happith mete to fynd
Callith for his hennē lo se the gentyll kynde
Shuld humayn creaturys than be of cruelnes
Shuld not they to theyre neyhouys shew charyte
And specyally to them wrappyd in sekenes
Than they that may hele theym cause y infirmyte
Mothur without delay for godde sake shew me

M

I pray the hartly wythout more prayeng
where is the patient that so is paynyng 780

Ce

¶ Saye dafell thou maist well haue knowlege herto
That in this Cyte is a yong knyght
And of clere lynage callyd Calisto
Whose lyfe & body is all in the I plyght
The pellycan to shew naturys ryght

Fedyth his byrds me thynkith I shuld not sch the
Thou wotist what I meane lo nature shuld tech the

M

¶ A ha is this the entent of thy conclusyon
Tell me no more of this matter I charge the

Is thys the dolent for whom thou makyst petytyd 790
Art thou come hyther thus to deslepue me

Thow berdyd dame shameles thou seemest to be
Is this he that hath the passio of solithnes

Thikyst thou rybaud I am such one of lewdnes
¶ It is not sayd I se well in bayn

The tong of man & woman worst members be
Thow brut baud thou gret enemy to honeste certayn

Cause of secret errours Ihu Ihu bnedicite
So good hodi take this old thete fro me

That thus wold me deslepue me w her fals slepyght 800
Go owt of my syght now / get the hens slepyght

C

¶ In an pupyl howre cam I hyther I may say
I wold I had brokyn my legges twayn

M

Go hens thou brothell go hens in the dyupyl way
Bydyt thou yet to increase my payn

wylt thou make me of thys sole to be sayn
To gyue hym lyfe to make hym mery

And to my self deth to make me sory
¶ Wilt thou here away profer for my perdition

And make me lese the house of my father 810
To wyn the howse of such an old matrone

As thou art shamfullyst of all other

Thikist thou that I überstād not thou falls mother
 Thy hurtfull message thy fals subtell ways
 Make a mende to god thou lyttest to long days
 Ce Answer thou traytres how darst be so bold
 The feze of the makyth me so dysmayd
 That the blod of my body is almost cold
 A las fayre maydyn what hast thou sayd
 To me pore wydow why am I denayed 820
 Here my cōclusion which ys of honelte
 wout cause ye blame thys gentylman & me
 M I sey I wyl here no more of that sole
 was he not here with me eyn now
 Thow old which thou bryngyst me in grete dole
 Ask him what answere he had of me & how
 I toke hys demaund as now know mayst thou
 More shewyng is but lost where no mercy can be
 Ce Thus I answerd hym & thus I answer the
 The more straunge she makyth the gladder am I 830
 Ther is no tempast that euer doth endure
 M what seyest thou what seyest thow shamefule enemy
 Speke out. Ce. so ferd I am of your dyspleasur
 your anger is so grete I pleyue it sure
 And your pacypens is in so gret an hete
 That for wo & feze I both wepe & swete
 M Lyttyll is the hete in cōparyson to say
 To the gret boldnes of thy demeanyng
 Ce Fayre mayden yet one word now I you pray
 Appeale w pacypens & here my sayeng 840
 It Is for a prayer mestres my demaundyng
 That is sayd ye haue of seynt appolpne
 For the toth ake wher of this man is in pyne
 And the gyrdle there thou weryst about the
 So many holy relyke it hath towchyd
 That thys knyght thynketh his bote thou maist be
 Therefore let thy pyte now be a bouchid
 For my hart for fere / lyke adog is couchyd
 The delyght of bengennis who so doth ble
 Pyte at theyre nede shall theym refuse 850
 M yf this be tiew that thou seyest to me now
 Hyn hart is lyghtnyd persepuyng thecase
 I wold be content well yf I wylt how
 To bryng this seke knyght vnto some solas
 Ce Fayre damsell to the be helth & grace
 For yf this knyght & ye were aquayntyd both two

ye wold not iudge him the man that ye do
 ¶ By god & by my soule in him is no malyncoly
 with grace indewid in fredome as alexandre
 In strenght as hectour in countenaunce mery 860
 Gracious / enuy in him reynyed neuer
 Of noble blod as thou knowyst / & yf ye euer
 Saw him armyd he semeth a seynt george
 Rather than to be made in nature forge
 ¶ An angell thou woldist iudge him I make auow
 The gentyll narciso was neuer so fayre
 That was inamoryd on his own shadow
 wherfore fayre mayde let thy pyte repayre
 Let mercy be thy mother & thou her heyre
 This knyght whom I come for neuer sealyth 870
 But cryeth out of payn that styll encreasyth
 ¶ How long tyme I pray the hath it holdyn hym
 I thynk he be .xxiiii. yeres of age
 I saw hym born & holpe for to sold hym
 I demaund the not therof thyne answer alwage
 I ask the how long in this paynfull rage
 He hath leyn / Ce. of trewth sayr maydyn as he says
 He hath be in this agony this .viij. days
 ¶ But he semyth he had leyn this .viij. yere
 ¶ How it greuyth me the il of my pacient 880
 Knowyng his agony & thy innocency here
 Unto myne anger thou hast made restens
 wherfore thy demaund I graunt in recompens
 Haue here my gyrdyll the prayer is not redy
 To morow it shalbe / come agayn secretly
 ¶ And moder of these wordes passyd betwene vs
 Shew uo thyng therof vnto this knyght
 Lest he wold report me cruell & fypous
 I trust the / now be trew for thought be lyght
 ¶ I meruell gretly thou dost me so atwyght 890
 Of the dout that thou hast of my secretnes
 As secret as thy self I shall be dowteles
 ¶ And to calisto w this gyrdle celestina
 Shall go and his ledy hart make hole & lyght
 For gabriell to our lady w aue maria
 Came neuer gladder than I shall to this knyght
 Calisto how wylt thou now syt by ryght
 I haue shewid thy water to thy phelycyon
 Comfort thy self the feld is half won
 ¶ Moder he is much beholdyn vnto the 900
 ¶ Ci.

Ce Fayr maydyn for the mercy thou hast done to vs
He This knyght & I both thy bedfolkis shall be
Ce Hoder yf nede be I wyll do more than thus
It shalbe nedefull to do so / & ryghteous
For this thus begon must nedis haue an ende
which neuer can be wout ye condescend
He I well mother to morow is a new day
I shall performe that I haue you promest
Shew to this leke knyght in all that I may
Byd him be hold in all thyngis honest
And though he to me as yet be but a gest
If my word or dede his helth may support
I shall not sayle and thus byd him take comfort
Et exeat melebea.

910

Ce I Now cryst comfort y & kepe the in thy nede
How say you now is not this matter carped clene
Can not old celestina her matter spede
A thing not well handlyd is not worth a bene
Now know ye by y half tale what y hole doth meane
These women at the furst be angry & surpous
Fayre wether comyth after stormys tempestpous
I And now to calisto I wyll me dres
which lyeth now languysshng in grete payn
And shew hym that he is not remedples
Aud beze hym this to make hym glad and sayn
And handyll hym so that ye shall sey playn
That I am well worthy to beze the name
For to be callpd a noble arche dame
Danio pater melebee.

920

Ce O meruelous god what a dreame had I to nyght
Most terryble bylpyon to report and heze
I had neuer none such nor none perthely wyght
Alas when I thynk thereon I quak for feze
It was of melebea my doughter deze
God send me good tythyng of her sho rtyl
For tyll I heze from her I can not be mery
He O deze father nothyng may me moze displease
Nothyng may do me moze anoyans
Nothyng may do me gretter diseale
Than to se you father in any perturbans
For me cheyly or for any other chauns
But for me I pray you not to be sad
For I haue no cause but to be mery and glad
Da O swete melebea my doughter deze
I am replete with Joy and felycyte

940

For that ye be now in my presens here
 As I perceyue in Joy & prosperite
 From deth to lyfe me thynkyth it reuyuyth me
 For the ferefull dreame þat I had lately
 What dreame syr was that I pray you hertely
 ¶ Dowtles me though þat I was walkyng
 In a fayre orchard where were placys two
 The one was a hote bath holsome & pleasyng
 To all people that dyd repayre therto
 To wasch them & clens them from sekenes also
 The other a pyt of foule stynkyng water
 Shortely they dyed all that ther in did enter
 ¶ And unto this holelome bath me thought þat ye
 In the ryght path were comyng apale
 But before that me thought that I dyd see
 A foule rough bych aprikerd cur it was
 Whych strakynge her body along on the gras
 And w her tayle lykkyd her so that she
 Made her selke a fayre spaniell to be
 ¶ Thys bych then me thought met you in the way
 Leppynge & sawynge vpon you a pale
 And rownd a bowt you dyd renne & play
 Whych made you then dysport & colas
 Whych lykkyd you so well þat in short space
 The way to the hote bath anon ye left it
 And toke the streyght way to the foule pyt
 ¶ And euer ye lokyd continually
 vpon that same bych & somoch her eyed
 That ye cam to the foule pyt brynke sodeynly
 Lyke to haue fallyn in & to haue bene dyspyroyed
 Whych when I saw anon than I cryed
 Stertynge in my slepe & therw dyd awake
 That yet for fere me thynk my body doth quake
 ¶ Was not this a ferefull dreame & mezuelous
 I pray you doughter what thynk ye now to this
 ¶ *hic melesia certo tempore no loquit sed uultu lamentabili respicit*
 why speke ye not why be ye now so studious
 Is there any thyng þat hath chauncyd you amys
 I am your father tell me what it is
 ¶ A las now your dreame whych ye haue exprestyd
 Hath made me all pensyfe & sore abalshyd
 I pray you dere doughter now tell me why
 Sir I know the canse of your vison
 And what your dredefull dreame doth signyfy
 Ther of wold I sayn now haue noticion

950

960

970

980

990

¶ Alas dere fader alas what haue I done
¶ Offendyd god as a wrech vnworthy
¶ wherein / dyspayre not god is full of mercy
¶ Et genuflectat

¶ Than on my knees now I fall downe
¶ And of god chesely askyng forgyfnes
¶ And next of you for in to oblyuon
¶ I haue put your doctryne & lessons dowtles
¶ Feze not doughter I am not merciles
¶ I trust ye haue not so gretly offendyd
¶ But that ryght well it may be amendyd
¶ ¶ Ye haue fosterid me by full louyngly

1000

¶ In vertuous discyplyne whych is the ryght path
¶ To all grace & vertew whych doth lpynglye
¶ By your dreame & sayre plesaunt holelome bath
¶ The soule pyt whereof ye dremyd which hath
¶ Destroyd so many betokeneth byle & syn
¶ In whych alas I had almost fallyn In
¶ ¶ The prikperyd curr & the foule bych
¶ which made her self so smoth & sayre to see
¶ Betokenyth an old quene a haudy wyche
¶ Callyd celystyne that wo myght she be
¶ whych w her sayre wordē ay so pswadyd me
¶ That she had almost brought me here vnto
¶ To fultyll the foule lust of calisto

1010

¶ ¶ Alas dere doughter I taught you a lesson
¶ whych way ye shuld attayn vnto vertew
¶ That was euery mornynge to say an orason
¶ Prayeng god for grace all byce to eschew
¶ ¶ Dere fader that lesson I haue kept trew
¶ whych preseruyd me / for though I dyd cōfēt
¶ In mynd / yet had he neuer hys intent

1020

¶ ¶ The vertew of that prayer I se well on thing
¶ Hath preseruyd you from the shame of that syn
¶ But because ye were somewhat cōsentyng
¶ ye haue offendid god gretly therin
¶ wherefore doughter ye must now begyn
¶ humbly to belech god of hys mercy
¶ for to forgyue you your syn & mylery

1030

¶ ¶ O blyssid lord & fader celestiall
¶ whose infynite merci no tong can exprese
¶ Though I be a sinner wrech of wrechis all
¶ yet of thy gret merci graunt me forgyfnes
¶ full sore I repent my syn I cōfese

Intendynge hens forth neuer to offend more
 Now humbly I beseech thy mercy therefore
 ¶ Now y is well sayd myne one sayre doughter
 Stand vp therefore for I know verely
 That god is good & mercyfull euer
 To all synners whych wyll ask mercy
 And be repentaunt & in wyll clerely
 To syn no more / he of hys grete goodnes
 wyll graunt them therefore his grace & forgyfnes
 ¶ Lo here ye may see what a thyng it is
 To bryng vp yong people vertuously
 In good custome / for grace both neuer mys
 To them that vse good prayers dayly
 whych hath preseruyd thys mayde vndoutydly
 And kept her ffrom actuall dede of shame
 Brought her to grace preseruyd her good name
 ¶ wherfore ye byrgyns & sayre maydens all
 Unto this example now take good hede
 Serue god dayly the soner ye shall
 To Honeste & goodnes no dout procede
 And god shall send you euer his grace at nede
 To withstand all euyl temptacions
 That shall come to you by any occasions
 ¶ And ye laders modeys & other whych be
 Rulers of yong folke your charge is dowtles
 To bryng them vp vertuously & to see
 Them occupied styll in some good bysynes
 Not in idell pastyme or vnrhryftynes
 But to teche them some art craft or lernyng
 whereby to be able to get theyr lyflynge
 ¶ The bryngers vp of youth in this region
 Haue done gret harme because of theyr neglyges
 Not puttyng them to lernyng nor occupacyons
 So when they haue no craft nor sciens
 And com to mans state ye see theyr pience
 That many of them compellyd be
 To beg or stele by very necessite
 ¶ But yf there be therefore any remedy
 The hedys & rulers must first be dyligent
 To make good lawes & execute them straitely
 Uppon such maystres that be neglygent
 Alas we make no lawes but penyment
 when men haue offendyd / but lawes euermore
 wold be made to preuent the cause before

1040

1050

1060

1070

¶ If the cause of the myscheff were seen before
whych by cōiecture to fall be most lykely
And good lawes & ordynauncys made therfore
to put a way the cause / y were best remedī
what is the cause that ther be so many
Thefte & robberies / it is be cause mā be
Dryuen therto by nede & pouerte

1080

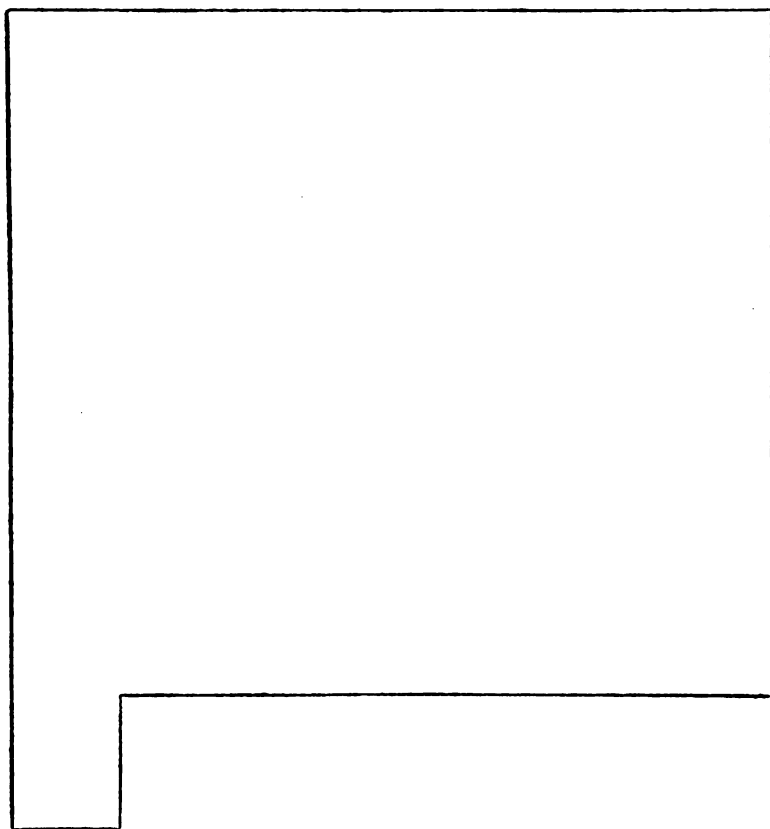
¶ And what is the berey cause of that nede
Be cause they labur not for theyr lyfving
And trewth is they can not well labour in dede
Be cause in youth of theyr ydyll vpbryngyng
But this thyng shall neuer come to reformyng
As long as yong pepyll be euell vpbrought
¶ wherfore the eternall god that raynyth on hys
Send his mercifull grace & influens
To all gouernours that they circumspectly
May rule theyr inferiours by such prudence
To bryng them to bertew & dew obedyens
And that they & we all by his grete mercy
May be pteners of hys blessed glory.

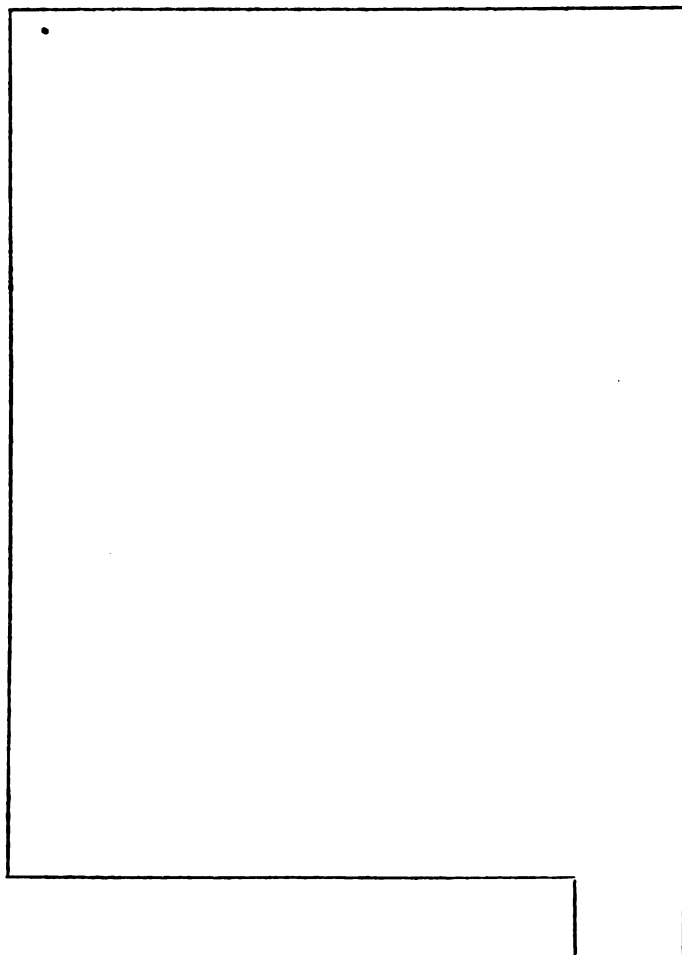
1090

Amen.

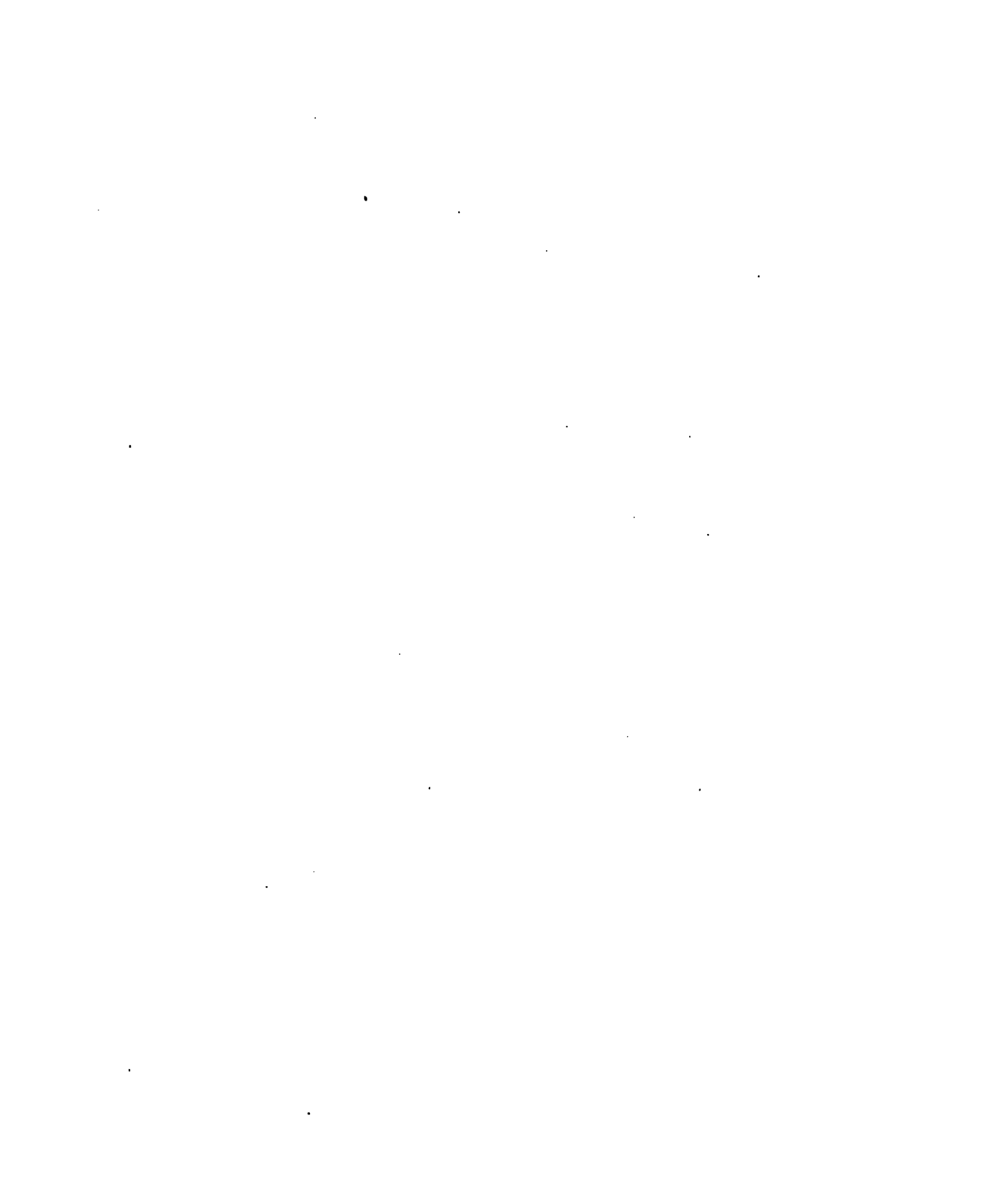
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